



The arrival



magic

battle

28 1 2

Chapter 1 by Frank

When I saw their black banner, I knew we were all doomed. The measly army that I had managed to conjure was a feat in itself. An old man still in pyjamas wielding a blade looking only to himself as almighty. After all, a stick in the desert may have been rear, but it seemed so brittle it might not even injure Achilles in his heel. Of course, after the first candidate, many flocked over. Though only one seemed to realise the danger, which was a good thing as he ran away at the sight of it. I raised my hopes for the first time since the arrival of Lord Hastengale and his army of vultures, preying on small, stranded towns like mine as soon as their finest had left to attack the shadow armies sprouting everywhere. I knew that they were only a diversion so that the actual army could remove all the minor towns still in favour of our wreck of a king, Gordon the eleventh. Sadly I could only keep my thoughts to myself about how we should have left Gordon's rule years ago and how recently, the shadow armies were just an diversion.

But who would listen to the old, stooped master of arms?

Chapter 2 by Frank



And still, as I regretted my past, the flag was an ever looming threat. Even if my army were to charge at the speed of demonfire, and I were the Lord of Masters of arms, the overwhelming numbers and the skill of the enemy would quickly thin our numbers enough so that their Lord would be able to finish us all off with no emotion, empathy or mercy. And trick his band of fools and witches

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And so I ran.

Over the hills.

Over the rivers

Under the beasts.

Like a coward.

In twenty seconds, I was away to where I could find the only person who I could trust to keep a calm head and the only person who ever defeated me when I was in my prime. The only person not assassinated who I could rely on Master of arms Logan.

And as he opened his door, he poked his head out and said his unnaturally childish voice he said "Hello there Galador, finally ready to become a mage?"

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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And as I bled to death, I hoped my soul would aid someone. Someone with a brave spirit. Someone like you

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